

LESKERNICK DIARY (SDH)

February 1995

February 11th/12th

Friday evening

Travelled down to Shaftesbury with Chris (standing most of the way on the Waterloo-Gillingham train).

Saturday

Drove across to Bodmin. Our walk to Leskernick Hill was via the long mound just below Catshole Tor. The small Tors...Codda Tor and Tolborough seemed more visually potent than the larger massives of granitic outcrop. Surrounded by voids of undulating moor, they provided discrete points of orientation for our walk. As we came over Codda Hill Tor and the southerly slopes of Leskernick Hill came into view. The prehistoric settlement appeared as a patterned mass of stones merging into scree-strewn hillside where loose clitter and earthfast boulders were anarchically juxtaposed. This hillslope looked fractured and grey against the smooth yellow-green moor below. We walked down the hill, across a narrow ravine of the River Fowey, and upwards again into the settlement area. Then we followed the settlement south-eastwards around the hill until a stoneless, featureless, saddle of rough grass came into view. Chris pointed out the two stone circles and the stone row. They were pretty difficult to see. We walked across to the southern Leskernick circle and then the stone row. We walked 'his' route and it all seemed to

work.....what you could and could not see at different points.

We returned to the settlement, sitting for a while in the house with the big back-stone. We talked about entrances and their orientations, we talked about pathways of access between houses...we sat and ate. It was cold and damp and I loved being there. It was easy to feel 'lost' in the stone row area.....I felt at home in the settlement area. We searched for some cairns on the perimeter of the settlement. Without a large scale plan it was difficult. The 'natural' clutter played tricks, mimicking mounds and enclosure boundaries, or was it vice versa...?

March 1995

Subsequently, in London, Chris and I discussed excavation. The settlement offered so much, I was resistant to the idea of excavation. It would involve a considerable amount of organization and work for a limited gain (given the short field period proposed). Chris was doggedly persistent, and I tried thinking more positively about the excavation. We considered the possibilities of what to excavate (stone row/terminal, stone circle, settlement house, a Tor area etc.).

Had a chat with Ian about the possibility of excavating on Bodmin. When I explained the project context and parameters he said that I must be mad. A few days later Ian forwarded me the schedule list for Cornwall. Leskernick was NOT scheduled...the timescale was now more viable.

April 1995

April 21st-23rd

Took my Birkbeck College students on a fieldtrip to Dartmoor and Bodmin. It was snowing on Dartmoor (Drizzlecombe was particularly dramatic... multiple rows of stones orientated on cairns, with snow drifted up against the stones.....and 'out of sight', curving round the hill at the bottom of the valley..a settlement complex). Chris met us on the Sunday and took us on a Bodmin walk (Louden Hill area) via the Stannon, and Fernacre, circles with the ascent of Rough Tor...being the culmination... passing upwards into its enclosure we looked down slanting tunnel-shafts (Chris called them 'runnels'), where the bedding planes of the Tors had massively fractured, and saw the landscape framed below (it provided a sense of 'seeing' while being hidden). The visit to Rough Tor established it in my mind as a place of mystery with special pathways of access, with marker points at stages en route: cairns, runnels, enclosure hornworks. Once fully within it, it did not seem so special ...perhaps the journey was meant to be more important than the arrival.

May 1995

Monday 22nd May

We (Barbara, Chris and myself) visited the Cornish Unit in Truro. I had by now worked out an excavation strategy (area excavation around Leskernick stone row terminal setting) and felt positive about it all. The Cornish Unit were amazingly helpful.... supporting the project and giving a list of names of necessary people to contact. The site was on commonland.

During the afternoon we returned to Leskernick Hill with Barbara. On this trip I particularly wanted to think about how to fix the proposed excavation area onto a location map, for future relocation of the trench. Resolved that the solution was probably to fix it in relation to the first few stones in the stone row itself..and to check how precisely the stone row had been mapped by the Cornish Unit. Barbara was enthusiastic about the settlement.... I worried about being 'stranded' with the stone row the procedural problems of its excavation!

On return I gave B and C a final list of required equipment. They were so positive about organising its acquisition that I felt hopeful.

I discussed potential locations for pollen sampling with Martyn. We isolated two or three promising sites, with small catchment zones relevant to the settlement. Ian offered to come on the project, for a few days, and help with the setting up of the excavation.

June 1995

Sunday 11th June

Ian arrived in Sussex later than expected. He had left home without the planning boards and had had to return to collect them. We had coffee and cake and finally left Sussex about 12.00 pm. We arrived at the camp site c. 5 pm (with a few stops en route). As we drove up, Chris's car could be seen through the trees.... complete with the fence posts and wire, which I had assured Ian would already be up on site by the time we arrived! We put up our tents, and Chris showed me the very precise and beautiful (but unstrung) planning frames which he had made. I felt encouraged by the frames, although his half comment about a pick axe 'being as good as a mattock' created some unease. We decided to take the heavy equipment up to site.

The three of us plus a wheelbarrow laden with fence posts, wire, shovels etc. followed a 'new', more direct access route, working our way along rocky ruts, across two streams and two hillsides until we reached the cairn by the stone row and secured the equipment. At some point on the second hill Ian took over the wheelbarrow and seemed to become positively part of the project. Went to sleep feeling optimistic.....and pleased with the prospect of continuously being outside for a chunk of time.

Monday 12th June

We went into Bodmin in the morning. Chris got a stock of food for field lunches. After lunch we went up to the site to think about laying out the trench. I am somewhat bemused by the areas

of uneven, raised ground in the terminal area. Are there remnants of another barrow mound here?, has there been peat cutting?, is it animal trampling?, was there a platform for the terminal setting?, is it disruption caused by illicit excavation?. I am relieved that we had decided not to dig within the setting this year because ten days is not enough time to sort out such complications without some prior experience of the soil profile etc. Ian and I set up the site grid, with Chris occasionally holding the end of a tape with a lost look in his eyes. Having got this underway Chris started setting up the fence around the trench area. It amused me that the person who least liked the 'rules' of excavation had fenced us in.

Nearing completion, and while marking up the (too small) grid pegs (1 metre intervals) with Eastings and Northings, I looked up to see a gaggle of people coming over the hill towards the barrow. We had lost our solitude. For me, the femaleness of the group was striking: Henry surrounded by Barbara, Jill, Cath, Helen, Mary and Pippa. After a short walk we returned to our vehicles and drove to Jamacia in. Barbara introduced us to Alan and Phil, who were there. Too many 'strangers' for one day.....

Tuesday 13th June

The Cornish Unit delivered a level and staff and two planning frames to the camp site at

breakfast time. We arrived on site past ten (could do better!). Helen, Jason, (occasionally Phil plus a very perky dog), Ian and I deturfed. It felt as if we were disturbing (mutlilating) a landscape at rest. I was slightly neurotic about making sure that the turfs were removed properly and that they were stacked in well-defined heaps to maximise the effective 'returfing'.

Chris/Karen's pointed spades were excellent for cutting through the moor grass. As we were doing this, the stones in the stone row and the two stone circles were being marked with white flags. The waving flags made the 'trench people' feel part of a wider landscape and helped us focus upon the inter-relationships between the terminal setting, the other stone settings. The wild horses were magnetically attracted to the flags and completely ignored our trench, which we had specially wired them out off.

During the afternoon a horse riding farmer arrived, complete with two dogs (one old with a medicinally red-painted coat, and one young) trailing him across the landscape. The dogs managed to get under our trench fence...we need more wire lower down. The farmer had no idea of the age of the stone row etc. He thought that the settlement had been occupied within the last 200 years.

With deturfing finished, the lack of a mattock is ridiculous. Helen tried shovel-scraping to get down to the A2 horizon... but it will take for ever without a mattock...Ian is particularly despairing about this...we must buy one. The mattock discussion in seems to unit Ian and Helen.

We all gathered in the camp site bar in the evening for a 'project talk'. Ian was stonily quiet as Chris talked of 'no hierarchies' and 'the keeping of diaries'.

Will I have time for my diary once the excavation gets really under way . I will have to check the plans/sections/contexts each evening....

Wednesday 14th June

Ian went off this morning to purchase a mattock. We are getting later on site later every day! Helen started Jason shovel-scraping (friable peaty layer c.10-15cm depth) down to the A2 horizon (mid greyish black layer of coarse sand). Barbara helped with the excavation in the afternoon: shovelling and barrowing, while Helen used the NEW mattock. Two features are becoming apparent:

- 1) The top of an 'incomplete' circular arrangement (measuring c. 0.3m internal diameter), of granite stones, c. 0.2m east of one of the recumbent setting stones: looks interesting
- 2) A sub-circular concentration of slate pieces disappearing into the east edge of the trench: looks modern.

Pippa commenced the pre-excavation site plan. We decide that she should also plan all of the terminal stones on this plan. Ian worked on the site location plan... Pippa ascertained the length of the most deeply buried terminal stone (1.95m, discovered by probing). This must have been the most dramatic of the stones in the terminal setting.

There are midges all over the camp site in the evenings: quite dire. As a consequence I never take my hat off and wrap my scarf around my face. I intended going to the bar this evening, but instead had a long chat with Ian about the excavation strategy. While trying to sleep heard Mary cryingand Gill talking to her.

Thursday 15th June

Chris started the morning by taking us on a walk to the long barrow just below Catshole Tor, and then over to Codda Tor where Cath, Henry, and Jason have located (yesterday?) the hut circles shown on the 1:50,000 OS map. Ian went direct to the excavation. He is leaving tomorrow and yet has not once walked to the Leskernick settlement, or the other landscape features.

With further trowelling, two more features became evident:

- 1) A semi-circular, 'sausage shaped' area of (c. 2x0.5m) of dark brownish black sandy silt (situated in the the middle of the trench)
- 2) A semi-circular area of mid-brown friable silt which disappears into the west edge of the excavation trench at the point that the trench bisects the end of a recumbent terminal stone [subsequently called 'the stone hollow'].

After lunch everyone came down to the excavation to consider the 'hole': its chosen size and location and how this is the product of what 'you' think to be there.....and how the process of excavation is coming to terms with what is not there and what in fact is there.

The 'sausage-shaped' area currently has two possible interpretations: (a) a natural depression which retains more moisture, or (b) a footing trench for a semi-circular structure such as a wind-break (Helen's suggestion). The silty area near the recumbent stone is filled with rooty material which appears to have accumulated in a waterlogged hollow.

The circle of granite pieces is becoming a focus for discussion and is fast becoming 'Pippa's' feature (feature-bonding!). Perhaps we have a stone-lined hearth: but no heat-reddening appears to be present. Perhaps we have a stone-lined pit containing a cremation. Chris has constructed his own story: a specially prepared pit for the deposition of symbolic offerings: pieces of white quartz, charcoal from non-local oak timbers etc. Helen is interested in the dark colour of the fill: another possibility is that it is the post-pipe of a substantial rotted wooden post. The feature's positioning, in alignment with the stones of the stone row, is interesting.

Pippa spend yet more time slowly trowelling around the feature. She thinks that there possibly is a fill and cut beyond the edge of the stone circuit.... but it is so difficult to distinguish features in this geology.

Thurs..(or Friday) afternoon

Helen and I visited the settlement where Chris was 'directing' the numbering and finding of huts. They were using 'Barbara's' large plastic-covered settlement plan, which was set up on a portable board. Our experience of the settlement is now being governed by a map, but it lacks contours and the map 'world' became so different when we searched for each hut. Progress seemed somewhat slow. Helen and I tried to speed it up with the introduction of my orienteering compass. If we had remembered how to use it progress would have been quick. Chris reacted to this low level technology by saying that we had taken the fun out of 'finding' huts. It was good to walk across the settlement and feel the freedom of moving through a landscape....the lack of ambulation in an excavation trench closes down some of the senses (and also concentrates others, e.g. slight changes in texture, compaction, sound etc as the trowel blade scrapes along and slices through fills). The excavation trench seemed part of a secret world which could not be seen from this (western) part of the settlement. The clutter of stones was dramatic after the smooth stone-free contours of the moor around the excavation.

Tea break

Barbara initiated the construction of a door frame based on my height. I am possibly the shortest person present (5'2": is relevant to the BA?). I was only measured to shoulder height. I'm not so sure about everyone stooping to go through the house doors (maybe only the TALLER people stooped). The Butser Hill IA house reconstructions (Pimperne, Longbrige Deverill etc) have

never necessitated me stooping! The idea of framing the landscape is wonderful.

Evening

We went into Bodmin for an Indian meal to mark Ian's last evening with us. Rather an empty restaurant. Sat at the end of the table with Helen and Pippa.....talking about India.

Chris has lost his binoculars.

Friday 16th June

Wintery-coloured day. Ian showed true stalwartness by coming up to site in the morning to start off the site levelling. He also went through the mechanisms of his camera (which he is leaving with me for black-and-white site photos). I had to write lots of notes on how to use the camera because various parts malfunction and need compensating adjustments. I also started trying to understand how to use Chris's incredible camera..... which appears to do everything except work simply manually (and is so heavy that it pulls Ian's light tripod over). No Pippa this morning: she is suffering from the meal of last night.

During the afternoon, I left the site for a short while to visit the settlement. In my absence, Henry appears to have excavated beyond the edge of a feature (the stone hollow: my fault, I should have stayed with him..... Helen and Pippa were not there).... I feel strapped to the site.....

Now that we have the tops of several features...requiring photography, levelling, planning and sectioning....the latent hierarchy of the process of excavation is evident. Each of these procedures of course requires particular knowledge and skills. Helen is very good at teaching on site: explaining planning to Gill and Jason, and helping Henry trowel.

Helen (with Henry) excavated the southern half of 'the stone hollow' to produce a W-E section. Its upper root-filled layer has a maximum depth of 20mm, under which there is inwash deposit (NB the hollow must therefore have lain open for some time...it cannot be a backfilled stone-hole). The projecting part of recumbent stone in the west wall of the excavation trench is at the interface of these two contexts... is this a hollow that was created around the stone while standing?).

We have located the edge of the cut in which the circle of granite pieces is positioned: it is wide of the packing by c. 0.2m, as Pippa suspected. It now looks like a **pit** with an internal stone setting. Is this the original stone packed hole of one of the now recumbent stones?

Evening

Had a meal at Jamacia Inn and discussed project hierarchies, the trap of excavation procedures, the Dongas and Direct Action. Now that Ian has gone, I feel on the receiving end of Chris's anti-excavation procedures stance (and Barbara's obvious (but generously not stated) pleasure of having got her 'stint' on site out of the way!). Given that I was resistant to excavation in the first

place, and was persuaded by Chris... I feel slightly exasperated/misrepresented. It's easy for everyone to agree with him (including in part myself!). What is more difficult, is to isolate HOW to change the process without vandalising the database.

Saturday 17th June

Chris announced that the camp site owners have complained that we are not eating and drinking enough on site. The weather is particularly wet ...no on-site work today.

During the morning we all gathered in the food area of the camp site for coffee. Barbara, Chris and I discussed the future of the project. We ask the students to create a dichotomy of words summarising their responses to the 'excavation' and the 'landscape survey'. One offering described the landscape survey as 'naughty'. Predictable words such as 'controlled' and 'careful' came up for excavation. To fuse the two types of survey is a real challenge....

After lunch it was still raining so we went into Bodmin....hardly any rain there. We went to Bodmin Museum..very small and homely....except for the chilling list of those hung at Bodmin gallows.... 'for setting fire to a haystack'....'for stealing a sheep'...'for murder on Rough Tor'. The geology case was helpful for the precise identification of the slate pieces which we have on site. Cath and others purchased two cream-laden Victoria sponge cakes from the market outside the museumfor Sunday tea. Chris caught me fondling my trowel while waiting on them. I was actually worrying about whether we should go back on site (we are running out of excavation

time). We all went for tea in the centre of town (purchasing joss sticks as an anti-midge device).....returned to the camp site.... As we drove up out of Bodmin, the moor around Leskernick Hill was still black with rain.

Evening

Had a meal in the camp site bar with Jan (just arrived), Babara, Chris, Mary and Gill. Mary was holding a hankchief to one of her eyes (swollen from being scratched by a branch) and looked in a pretty bad state. We had a good talk about Jan's multiperiod time-travelling play. I was focussed upon as provider of the archaeological 'facts', mostly about historical 'events' for which I have a hopeless archaeological memory retention. Had another methodological 'conversation' with Chris (I determined to stick him on site the next day). Barbara and Chris discussed whether the weather would be clear tomorrow to do some settlement/landscape videoing/photography. What's the problem with fuzzy photographs?....an interest in the sharp-edged representation of 'features' on the excavation site....is portrayed as obsession with technical instrumentation. I imagined a book of the project with blurred, 'rain-time' images of Brown Willy and the like. The framing of the landscape however was the centre of most conversation and included various versions by Chris of 'as I woke up one morning...and looked at the picture of Brown Willy over the door, and then got up and went out the door and saw....'.

I think I wrote this for Saturday night....

Went to bed to find a stone row and terminal setting outside my tent entrance (rather skillfully executed from water bottles, my stove and the like). I yelled an accusation at Chris's tent, but being a creature of domestic symbolism, and having a dislike of change, I felt unable to move it.

Sunday 18th June

Sunday morning...?

Woke up, looked out my tent door and saw Leskernick stone row. Boiled water for coffee on Leskernick stone row. Sat in Chris's car having breakfast (with Chris writing his diary).

As we walked up to site, I had a long talk with Helen about context sheets and ways of recoding the excavation process in a more dynamic fashion. We resolved to redesign the context sheets (with much more space for changing thoughts) for next year. Chris was 'set up' sieving, while Helen and Mary emptied the sausage shaped feature (we now think that it is a cattle scuff hollow: it is very shallow and has irregular edges) to provide material for Chris's sieving. Karen arrived to find Chris still sieving.

Keith Ray arrived and looked at the site: making some comments about peat-warp hollows (another possibility for the sausage-shaped feature?) and the A2 horizon (difficulty of distinguishing the edge of features within it). After lunch Karen and Chris were shown (by Helen) how to draw a section and were let loose on the stone hollow section.

Our interpretation of the stone hollow is that while standing a hollow had been created around the standing stone, due to animal grazing or human passage around the stone, and this had

become partially silted up and then waterlogged prior to the fall/dismantlement of the stone.

There was no evidence of the stone's original standing hole, so the implication was that we were dealing with the top end the originally standing stone. The shape of the hollow suggests that the stone stood on a N/S axis i.e. on an axis transverse to the stone row alignment.

Pippa began excavating out the stone-hole. using a W-E section line and removing the southern half of the fill first. The edge of the feature remains difficult to define. It slowly became clear that the edge the fill inside the stone packing continued outside for c. 10mm and was separated from the outer fill of the stone pit by a compaction edge. This edge mirrors the imprint of two of the granite stones, if their upper ends are slightly sloped backwards to meet it. As sectioning continued a granite stone appeared in the middle of the fill inside the granite circle. This is the missing stone belonging to the gap in the granite circuit. Neither the movement of the stones, nor the position of this missing stone suggest a **fallen** standing stone.... It suggests careful removal. We enacted the possibility of a deliberate, but 'respectful' dismantling of the the terminal setting in the Bronze Age.. (and the stone row ?....NB the disalignment beyond the leat).

During the afternoon I went up to the settlement. More flags had been set up. Their movement in the wind made the settlement seem populated. Everyone seemed somewhat irritable. Alan was particularly wearing! An awareness of inconsistency in recording procedures has developed i.e. 'view to the left and right' on the recording forms does not specify which way the observer is facing (front or back to door?). The need for/ emergence of formal recording procedures is interestingly beginning to mirror the excavation.

We are now focusing more on the shapes of stones. There are certain stones which we all find striking....for me, **on** the settlement it is the large 'whale-shaped' stones...but **outside** the settlement, walking up to it from the excavation, I orientate myself by the long, thin, jutting stones which break-out from the hill-side profile. The latter are not particularly visual once **within** the settlement. What about the shapes of the stones in the stone row...small, flat-topped....I am not particularly aware of such shaped/sized stones on the settlement. The terminal stones are reminiscent of the 'jutting out' hill-side stones. Also, if the stone row was decommissioned by those on the settlement why...and what rites (if any) replaced it?

At sometime during the afternoon I had a chat with a farmer drove up to the trench in a landrover. He was counting his cattle. He thought that the settlement was an UNfinished settlement.

Before 'bed': sat in tent looking at the day's sections. Chris and Karen have drawn their's back to front (sabbotage?) !.

Night

Problems with Mary..

Monday 19th June

Barbara took Mary to out-patients at Bodmin Cottage Hospital. The morning was filled with

photography and planning. Barbara returned with Mary just before lunch and they sat on the barrow waiting for Chris and the others to return from the settlement. When they did, it was obvious, even from a distance, that they had made some sort of discovery. They have 'found' distinctive triangular stones ('shrine stones') incorporated into the walls some of the huts. T

Afternoon

Visited the settlement. The 'shrine stones' appear to have specific locations, opposite the entrances, sometimes in niches. The recognised 'shrine stones' are located in the western settlement...i.e. the part which has no view of the stone row and circle complex.

While walking back from the settlement, the shapes of stones again became a focus for my thoughts. If the 'shrine stones' are specially chosen and triangular, is there a 'meaning' in the shapes of the stones of the stone row and its terminal?. There is at least one triangular-topped (or bottomed? ...not sure yet) stone in the terminal setting (the stone-hole stone needs to be fully excavated before we will know which way this stone was set up).

Was it today that Dave Hooley arrived?. I was pleased to meet him, having enjoyed talking to him in the telephone. He seemed seemed reassuringly in key with our 'feature' interpretations and photographed the 'stone-hole'. Then, he was taken for a 'shrine tour' by Barbara and Chris.

Tuesday 20th June

A rainy morning: tried to write up context sheets while sitting on the tool box with a golfing umbrella opened over the context file. Pippa has slowly been 'shaving' (with a plaster's leaf) through the fill of the stone-hole to create a quarter section. She is extraordinarily sensitive to the changes in compaction, texture, colour, feel etc. of the infill. The hole appears to have an outer ledge, beyond which, within the packing stones it appears to get quite a bit deeper (is the ledge a ramp to originally aid the setting up of the stone?)

Helen on the settlement for short while. Mattocked back to the A2 horizon on the western third of site (Jason helped with the mattocking and levelling): no further features apparent. We have made the decision to abandon the lower part of the site for this year...no time left....its slow to excavate and teach.

Loose Pippa to the Dongas: Barbara drove her over to Dartmoor this evening (taking Helen with her for the ride..and a view of Dartmoor...where she will be doing dissertaton work). Overcast evening. Had a shower in the bathroom of Bab's room.....another world.... malingered in the luxury of it...put on a CLEAN pair of jeans. Afterwards sat on the camp site with Henry, Cath, Chris etc. drinking red wine. Alan and Mary were worryingly noisy (it's their 'naturally' LOUD voices). Barbara and Helen returned....we all chatted outside, with Cath's blue garden flare providing light. Went to bed about 2am...the sky was not being clear enough to go up to Leskernick for the sunrise (solstice). I found it hard to sleep ..with the noise... Thought about getting up and making a fuss...groaned 'shut up' once, also Cath I think..fell asleep.

Wednesday 21st June

A day spent frantically finishing the site with Helen. Henry took the fence down and palpably released us into the landscape, while Barbara and some of the others energetically backfilled around us. Chris took last day photographs before all of the flags were removed. Late in the afternoon Helen emptied the fill of the stone-hole...(layer of iron pan under the 'missing' granite circuit stone; the stone-hole penetrates through the A2 horizon into the mottled orange, clayey subsoil) ..it clearly has a 'ramp' around it and the stone-hole itself is orientated W-E (along the stone row). The shape of the hole best corresponds with the flat-topped end of the stone that lies transverse to the hole. The pointed, 'triangular', end must have been uppermost!. While drawing the post excavation plan of the hole....it 'hit' me that the ramp of the stone-hole was not completely exposed..it goes into the western edge of the excavation trench UNDER the transversely recumbent terminal stone. We quickly drew this section as well; time was running out. It is also now clear that the turf-line, on which this terminal stone rests, runs across the top of the fill of this part of the ramp. The date of this 'sealed' turf line is therefore key to the dating of the dismantlement of this terminal stone. The turf is not particularly thick.....which opens up the possibility of a relatively recent dismantelling. Pollen analysis might help resolve this (next year!).

Helen and I deposited the stones from the stone-hole in the leat, and in doing so found a good soil section which indicates that the subsoil (which we have taken the site down to the top of) is of considerable depth.

We were worried about getting all the equipment down in the dark so Helen, Henry and I took a load down. Helen took the heaviest load (in the wheelbarrow) and Henry and I followed with the rest. H was incredibly slow (worn out?, or always like this?...thinking/feeling his way across the landscape). On return we nearly missed the sunset, which we just got the end of. We saw some of our group up by the quoit ontop of Leskernick Hill, and others in the southern stone circle...then they all went out of sight. Helen and I sat on the barrow and Pete Herring and co. all arrived... for the first time on Leskernick Hill I felt outnumbered by males.

I went down and looked at the trench where the turfing had been finished in my absence. The excavation hole was hardly visible. It, and I, felt lost in the landscape. Helen had gone walking...no one was visible. I walk up to the settlement and onto the top of Leskernick Hill. Its stonefree-ness struck me...just like the excavation saddle of land. Ritual takes place in space...settlement in clutter?. The stones forming the Tor ontop of the hill are reminiscent of/mirror the squared, flat-topped stones in the stone row. Perhaps the latter stones come from the Tors? The dusk light was wonderful. I did not want to leave.

We now have a good idea of the configuration of the terminal setting. The different axis of each terminal stone is interesting. The tallest stone follows the stone row alignment. A least one of the other terminal stones is on the axis which joins the two stone circles....they would have

enclosed a triangular space..I think!

It became too dark to think it through. It was a wrench to leave the place.....

Sunday June 2nd

CG arrived at c. 9.30 at Hayheath in an X registration Ford Fiesta which took interior mud-encrusted design to the level of a work of art. Boxes of food, tool boxes etc. were randomly loaded into the car. It all settled down into the least mobile positions as our journey progressed. [My] map reading comprised generally moving in a south-westerly direction avoiding motorways and connecting the green areas on the map. At c. 1pm we stopped just past Salisbury for a lunch break (where there is a chalk ridge scarred by military badges cut into it). Our progress seem to have an upper limit of 56 miles per hour - the maximal speed to accommodate 'car vibration' and a lack of real engine power.

By 3pm Dartmoor and shifting perspectives of showery rain and sun-filled light were sequentially stringing across the skyline. As we skirted around Dartmoor the moors and Tors of east Bodmin appeared on the horizon. With the light behind them they appeared magnetic. Such distant perspectives must have potentially engaged past communities, drawing them out of 'their' world and creating a mythology of 'other' worlds.

We arrived at Juliot's Well Holiday Park rather late - c. 7pm and found no one from the project. We made our way down to the site meet point at the southern base of Buttern Hill and Bray Down. As we travelled across the airfield to this point, the landscape seemed open and sterile until the vistas of Brown Willy and Rough Tor appeared. From the airfield Brown Willy can be seen end-on and is far less striking (as always) than the crevasses and complexities of Rough Tor's outline. Eventually, via sunken lanes, we

abruptly 'hit' the base of Buttern Hill. From this approach there is no gradual acclimatisation to the moor. Buttern Hill is a dramatic barrier and gives the impression that a secret world lies beyond - we must try multiple ways of approaching Leskernick. Each one that I currently know is so different in its sequentially revealed vistas. These journey-specific vistas provide (for me) the same fascination as the changing views that the structural format of Roughh Tor creates from different vantage points.

We found B, CT, A and M at the base of Buttern Hill and we collectively relocated to Westmoor Gate, where CT had arranged for the four-wheel drive to collect our equipment [currently loaded in our various cars] and take it up to site. Julie Dowton soon arrived in the four-wheel drive. Keith Goodyear was driving and Julie's son Dan and a black spaniel-sheep dog were there too. They helped us load up the gear and we slowly drove onto the moor. CG sat on the bonnet of the landrover and the rest of us crammed into the front or the back, or walked behind. Sitting in the front, I enjoyed talking to Julie and Keith - lovely, straightforward people. They both obviously loved the moor. Keith told me that the moor farmers used to move slate across the moor, having taken bracken down from the moor to the quarries at Camelford (as packing for the slate) and returning across the moor with batches of slate as payment - perhaps this is the origin of the slate dump in last year's stone row trench. I wondered where on the moor there was bracken, none being apparent, but did not ask. The evening light was marvellous - lowering sunlight casting long shadows and showing up all the 'features' - turf stack enclosures, field boundaries, ancient wounded trackways. Eventually a peak of Rough Tor came into view, and finally the 'barrow' at the end of the stone row. We deposited our equipment (according to our tradition of last year) in the latter and covered it up with white tarpaulin. This white visual pollution will henceforth provide us with

our orientating landmark for walking up to the site each morning.

The evening meal was in B's and Penni's caravan - CT, CG, M, A, Marylyn and myself joined them. They had prepared pasta, tuna and salad and a very good orangey banana dish. It all had great potential to be ambient. I really cannot remember how we got onto the subject of project hierarchies, and our ideas about the symbolic relationship that the Leskernick 'people' may have had with the stones of the hill. M intensely responded to both concepts. His functionalist approach to the use of stones left us (i.e. myself, B and CT) stunned as he made the familiar ascertainment that we had no proof of our view without excavation - as if excavation would specifically resolve it!). M's vigorous statement that I was in the end 'boss' [concerning the excavation] also left me stunned. No doubt, I was naive to presume that it was self-evident that I wanted to discuss the process of excavation and that I did not consider my ideas/views to be in any way pre-eminent. A and CG sat silently alongside M - a block of three sitting on the caravan sofa with me sitting on the floor below. I noted that the site manual had been prepared by H ... perhaps we were under her site hierarchy not mine.

Monday June 3rd

Grey, windy weather.

Well, first thing this morning, I visited the excavator's caravan and found that a caravan diary was in progress - with *Mike* as scribe. I now feel more optimistic that something different might be happening after all, and am determined to try and keep communicating across the dichotomy which 'flashed' last night between 'excavators' and 'anthropologists'.

I travelled to site in CG's car and asked anxiously about M. CG reassured me that I should not take the intense responses of last night personally. When we all arrived at the parking point by the ford M seemed fine. We slowly walked up onto site carrying the heavy tool boxes...my lungs still hurt! We arrived on site c. 10.15 am and found H and Sophie standing, like mirages, on the equipment store 'barrow'. Helen had her rucksack, having just come over from a period on Dartmoor.

Sophie left and A, CG, H, M and I went down to the terminal area and discussed the layout of the grid and the positioning of the trench. Much confusion ensued .. my fault.. leaving too many people to discuss a simple matter, rather than directing someone to get on with it. I left H and A setting up this grid and went up the hill to look at the two houses which we have chosen to excavate. House 39 (Southern Settlement) looks large and complicated. CG and I decided on a criss-cross quadrant method of excavation with the quadrant against the backstone having excavation priority, to be followed by the quadrant near the entrance. House 23 (Western Settlement) has always seemed a rather special. It has an impressive triangular backstone, looks manageable in size (is it a house?), and has a verdant grassy 'floor' giving the appearance of its interior being stone free. M quickly disavowed me of this perception pointing out differential colouring in the 'grassy' vegetation relating to where the 'grass' is growing over sub-surface stones. M likes 'House' 23 - maybe we have signs of 'structure-bonding'. The weather got worse through all of this and culminated in continuous wind-swept rain.

We had lunch at the equipment 'barrow', sheltering under a small piece of plastic sheeting which A provided. A is very quiet ..does this bode well?

After lunch we gridded out H39 and H23, finalised the SRT (stone row terminal) grid and set up the corner posts of the SRT fence. Bad weather finally drove us off site c. 6pm. The walk off site was filled with a bleak white rain which clothed the landscape from view.

Back at the Juliot's Well Christel, Pippa, Andrew, Gill, Anna and Matt had arrived. H has decided not to set up her tent (due to the weather) and is now sharing with Marylyn. After dinner I went over to the excavator's caravan and had a discussion about the process of excavation/survey and the alternative narratives which it produces. M at some point said that all the 'patterning' of selective stone use which I had described for the Leskernick settlement and stone row was 'pre-existing' and could be seen by observing the boulder stream which follows our Buttern Hill/Bray Down route into the site. We also talked about excavation hours. I felt ill at ease discussing the suggested need for a regimented timetable ... but soon realised the luxury of my idealism. Digging is a time-consuming, physical process which needs to be paced to a known timetable. They are treating it like a job...and yes, they are right - more can be *physically* achieved *by them* by such a timetable.

On returning to the Hamilton/Tilley caravan, CT and I drank whisky and talked to 4am. We talked about the growing potential for a fragmented project, with the 'excavator's caravan' working to a different philosophy to the settlement survey group attached to CT and B. I *feel* situated between the two. CT finished by announcing that he has been angry with me for most of the day because I had not consulted him on the location of the SRT trench (surely we had discussed this so often in London that we had agreed it anyway?). He also smilingly admitted that it is placed exactly where he wants it any way!

Tuesday June 4th

I left Juliot's Well with CG this morning having only had 2 hours sleep (CT was still out for the count and I asked B to wake him up in due course). We went to Hodges in Bodmin and bought more wooden fence posts and chicken wire, with CG keeping me sane in my tiredness. On return to the base of Buttern hill, we left this in CG's car and returned to site to get some help with carrying it all. Walking up to site we followed M's 'boulder stream narrative' - fantastical stones line the route...in particular smooth whale-shaped stones - a scaled-down version of the combinations of the Leskernick Hill stones.

We arrived to find B, CT and the students clustered in one of the Western Settlement houses listening to CT's 'story' of Leskernick Hill. Walking across to them with CG, CG noted a 'boulder stream' where last year HB suggested there was a 'graveyard' of triangular stones. Without prompting CG suggested [jokingly?] that it was a birthing place of triangular stones ... noting the presence of big and small triangular stones. When I announced this idea to Barbara, she promptly retorted "CG won't be happy with that idea for the stones".

H and I purposefully brought CT down off the hill to discuss the deturfing sequence of the SRT (to allow us to roll each recumbent terminal stone off site without damaging other features). We are trying to keep him informed as requested! CG and I, together with A, then returned to the car to pick up the fence posts and wire. En route we met a kilted man furnished carrying a set of bag pipes and accompanied by an Irish wolf-hound. He is the army

warden for Bodmin. We lunched by the babbling stream next to the ford where we park the cars. We returned to the site with the gear which initially [to me] seemed enormously heavy. CG trained me to to balance the wooden posts on one shoulder and the chicken wire on the other and I progressed much better once the correct balancing technique was mastered.

Towards the end of the afternoon the settlement people came down to the SRT and H gave a talk about what we proposed to do there. She had already begun deturfing, while CG, myself and A set up the trench fencing. The trench is currently half-extended into a hummocky area which looks like a disturbance around the biggest of the recumbent terminal stones. I pedantically think that it might be spoil from relatively modern digging around the stone [last year I had the optimistic idea that it could relate to a low platform on which the SRT had been originally set up - like a stage set]. CT envisualizes two mini barrows enclosing either side of the stone.

At the end of day I came upon a group gathered around the 'equipment barrow'. They were discussing 'hours of work'. H had obviously introduced the idea that the core 'digging team' preferred a 9.00am - 6.00pm timetable. B and CT favoured flexibility and a 'come off from site when you want' approach. I said that I understood the digging team's view, but also suggested that the others do what they want since it is not necessary that we all have to keep to the same timetable.

On returning to Juliot's Well I had sloe gin in P and B's caravan and worked on the accounts with B and CT - they have already overspent some of *their* budgets...just typical! Later in the Hamilton/Tilley caravan I talked with CT until 1pm. A focus to the conversation was C's questioning as to why I had ended up with three male supervisors and only one female supervisor (H). I

pointed out that I was extremely supportive of H *and* that I like her...but that I had been unable to find additional females to be supervisors [admittedly I had not searched beyond my contacts, preferring to work with people I knew at least a little]. He suggested that I had perhaps made my choices because [he thought that] I got on better with men than women. I retorted evidence the frowning M.

Wednesday June 5th

Yet again this morning I went with CG to purchase more chicken wire for the terminal trench. While in the car we talked about 'working hours' and I asked why he would not be happy working flexi-time on site - stopping digging when he felt tired. He said that everyone would stop almost immediately on that basis - digging makes you permanently tired and is only achieved by pacing yourself. When we arrived on site it was evident that cattle had pushed through, and over, the fencing that is already standing and had trample over the deturfed part of the trench. We sorted out the wire and tied barrier tape at regular intervals to make the wire more visible, if not more intimidating.

CG and I then went up to the settlement area and suggested to B and CT that we discussed M's very professional plan of H23 alongside the roll-out sketch elevations which Wayne and the others have been working on. This is agreed and we asked M to discuss how his plan *versus* the elevation sketches presented information. He appeared somewhat aghast and said that the drawings were just different and that he did not see how the sketches could be interpreted where a slope differentially emphasised stones but no indication of slope was given on the roll-out elevation. B

became impatient and pretended that the portable doorframe [for framing house door views] was a conspicuous stone and walked up and down the house, changing its position on the house slope and saying that it did not look any different at each position. I dived into the proceedings saying that M's drawing used standard, recognised rules and that if questions are generated by observing such a drawing, the drawing could provide further information within the rules. The sketch elevations however have to have their rules/parameters made clear so that others can use them, 'ask questions', and create alternative narratives. The rules can be written down, or perhaps some annotation might be helpful. I was interested in investigating how the sketch method could be best secured as an alternative representation which is intelligible beyond those who are working with it on site. I left sensing severe friction. Infact, in talking with Wayne immediately afterwards he showed a very clear awareness of the issues involved in the two forms of graphic representation which we had been discussing and he seemed reassuringly unphased by it all.

After lunch CG and I started levelling, while M and A worked on the surface planning of H39. A new TBM is needed, since the TBM of last year is on the largest recumbent stone of the stone row terminal, and we likely will have to move it (goodness knows how) during the excavation. We discovered that level is super-glued onto its tripod and is levelled using four screws and not the usual three. This caused much consternation but Penni (who is the owner of the level) showed us how to use it (it's potentially very simple!).

CG and I discussed H's trench features. Pippa has found at least two layers in the southern mound, but how it abutts or overlaps with the northern mound is still not resolved. CG and M favour speeding things up by cutting a section right across the two mounds, saying that time is limited and that we

need to gain information as quickly as possible. H is more cautious ..instinctively wanting to remove the mound layers one by one as an area excavation, a potential luxury of a research excavation. CT likes the idea of the section if it makes something interesting come up sooner and reduces the boredom of waiting.

We stopped of at the supermarket this evening before returning to Juliot's W. CG bought his 'fix' of junk food (I am amazed that he survives so well on crisps, chocolate bars and the like, which seems to comprise 70% of his diet). Late in the evening I joined H, Marylyn, Anna, Wayne and Gill who were drinking outside the bar. We drifted into talking about the project's group dynamics. Wayne amusingly referred to 'grenades'. He was thinking particularly of the day's fracas in H23. He talked about the mixture of calm (for him sketch planning in huts) and sudden, intense argument/discourse that the project nurtures. He said that he sensed a history or agenda to this which was entrenched before the moment that the discussion emerges infront of the 'students', the 'grenades' being concurrently draining and profitable. Wayne also raised the issues of the tiring walk to site each day (the walk is something that I personally want and need to cut me off from the world and focus me into the site) and the length of working time before breaks. I sense that more than the excavation team would like some time structure on tiring, bad weather days.

I returned to the caravan at about 11.30 pm and worked for an hour sorting out the excavation files. Just before going to bed CT crashed through the caravan door (the caravan infact rattles with minimum disturbance). Soon he was telling me that he was irritated with me for 20 minutes today (v. precise!) and that I was not to upset Barbara who was 'a wonderful person and the mother of the project'...felt dismayed.

Thursday June 6th

M had his 'day off'.

I got up at 7am after another late night (got to bed at 2pm). CT emerged from his room just as I was leaving the caravan. I went first to the excavation caravan to return A's *washed* (but not dry) socks. He generously lent me these two days ago and I feel certain has been regretting his kindness ever since. He seemed particularly anxious to have them returned.

During the journey to site I asked CG about his view of the H23 'grenades' of yesterday - he approximately said that we had been discussing differing recording approaches and perceptions rather than being empirically dismissive of alternative methods of recording - maybe it is no surprise that we seemed to see the situation the same way. We walked onto site, as usual via the Buttern Hill/Bray Down boulder stream - I don't want to change this lovely walk. Wayne has persuaded the settlement survey people to take the shorter, Westmoor Gate approach (obviously because of the weight of carrying the water, which they take). We arrived on site at 8.45 am and I discussed with H (with CG and M present) the best way of speeding up the SRT excavation. This was really a continuation of a discussion which we had yesterday evening. The north mound at the western end of the trench now has a small upright stone near it (aligned on the stone row?), while the south mound abutts a large stain (of a pit?) around the deeply buried western end of the largest of the recumbent terminal stones ... how are we going to cope with all of this 'quickly'? - H and Pippa are meditative and subtle in their approach to excavation. Matt and Pippa keep on, almost

obsessively, locating further 'soil' variation in the mounds, which does not auger well for a rapid excavation. We agreed to clean up this area of the trench, plan it and put the discussed north-south section right across the trench, orientated to cut across the various apparent features.

CG and I have now levelled from the stone row TBM to H39 and then H23. There is a 7m change in height between the SRT and H23. This surprised us - it seemed so much more, as we foundered over the stones of the hill until we reached H23 with the Fowey valley steeply sloping away below. It reminds me of the situation of M and A's house plans (distanced, clinical images) *versus* the elevation sketches (images more immediately appeal to the senses) ...measured 'facts' do not always mirror perception. I asked CT (who yesterday evening complained about all of the walking which he was doing up and down the settlement) what he thought that the change in height between the stone row terminal area and H23 was - he answered "40 metres".

Through the day A continued working on the surface plan of H39 - a solitary, shirtless figure working in the blazing sun... . I worry about leaving him stranded... but planning needs concentration? After lunch Matt deturfed the interior of H23 (leaving a central baulk) and H continued cleaning up the SRT ready for photographing.

This evening Anna collected Gary from Bodmin Parkway station. Tomorrow is our day off (with CT, B and myself in London at exam boards). On leaving site, CT and myself went back to Juliot's Well where we collected H and Andy Colyer. We all left in CT's car, dropping H and Andy in Somerset and CT and myself continuing to Shroton for the night. We arrived at CT's house at about midnight. The evening was very hot and all of the house windows

were still fixed open. After a hasty sandwich, I made up my hot water bottle (to the incredulity of CT). As I washed, I realised that much of me was burnt red. It had been a marvellous, peaceful, sunny day.

Friday June 7th

Today was a day off but C, M and Gary continued to work on site.

It was a horrible, sticky, hot day in London. CT and I saw a film poster in Goodge Street tube station entitled 'Rough Magic' - an ideal title for a chapter in the 'Leskernick book'.

We returned by train to Salisbury (where CT's car was parked), then drove to Honiton where we dropped off B to pick up her car (the red ice-cream van). Dramatic sheet lightning rent the skies as we drove across Dorset and Devon. We arrived back at Juliot's Well at 12.30 am. Unusually for the hour, the lights were still on in the excavation caravan (they keep early hours compared to the Hamilton/Tilley caravan). I thought that perhaps M was waiting for his results and went over with the good news - the response was "no...under no circumstances did he want to hear them".

Saturday June 8th

Today was hot, with a clear blue sky and a breeze. We walked up to site with M determinedly refusing to ask for his results. On arrival, I wrote his results down on a piece of paper and handed it to him, so that he could read them when he wanted to.

I began by getting the SRT trench (in H's absence) fully clean of rooty material prior to planning. I painted a 'dull black' dot on the SRT TBM (=TBM 2) and got Pippa and Matt to collectively plan and level TBM 2 and the terminal stones.

CG and Gary began trowelling the interior of H23. It is difficult to positively identify a door on this structure. The triangular 'backstone' appears to be in a niche, given that the wall seems to be single skinned. With the turf removed and further stones exposed, H23 now looks less circular. A problem which we will have to monitor just how deturfing and excavation alters surface impressions. A and M continued to plan H39 - these houses, I now realise, will take forever to plan, and there is no real real way of speeding up the planning (unless we go in for digital technology). As CG and I wondered across the hill at lunchtime, we noted M on the quoit apparently reading his results.

During the afternoon, I spent some time with CT and B looking around the enclosures and noting conspicuous stones. Later CT showed me 'House 15', which I agreed looked more like a cairn. The possibility of cairns within the Western Settlement provides new dimensions - do decayed houses mimic cairns or are they converted into cairns; are the living and the dead side by side?

At the end of the afternoon we decided to move the second to largest recumbent terminal stone (Context 14) from the trench - the one whose stonehole was excavated last year. How to achieve this had been worrying me for some time, but CG [correctly] assured me that it would be "alright". We filled its re-excavated stonehole with spoil and covered it and the trench

around it with turfs, as protection. Two fence posts were then used as levers to roll the stone clear of the excavation trench. Four of us managed this task. Before leaving site we set up a string-line along the cross-trench section which we had agreed with H, and then felt guilty about crystalising the agenda in her trench in her absence. We wimpishly left the section nails in, but removed the visual string-line. We left the site just after 7pm - so much for regularised 'excavation times'. Christel collected Jo from Bodmin Parkway station.

On the way back to Juliot's Well CG, A, M and myself visited an slow-serving chip shop in Camelford. Having waited for what seemed like ages, CG's order arrived minus one bag of chips (mine) - he absolutely flipped throwing verbal abuse at the shop girl. I would never have guessed that he would have responded in such a dramatic manner.

Karen arrived this evening. CT and Karen spent the evening in Christel's caravan. I went over to the excavation caravan. M had previously assured me that both my whiskies (almost finished) were inferior to his (almost full) bottle of Green Bushmills and had bet me his bottle that he could tell the difference 'blind'. This seemed like a good bet to me, having only 2" of whisky to lose if he won. M failed abysmally, getting the whiskies in reverse order to his perceived quality hierarchy. I was accused of giving him perfumed glasses to "put him off the scent". I returned to the Hamilton/Tilley caravan after midnight complete with the bottle of Green Bushmills, and wondering where H was - she should have been back.

Sunday June 9th

CG's day off.

We woke up to a cool, overcast morning. CT was smoking *outside* the caravan - Karen has had an instant effect. Our smoke-laden caravan is getting too much for me.

On site, the cattle, for once, had refrained from pushing through the SRT trench fencing. As I looked at the recumbent stones, I considered CG's comment (of yesterday) that the stonehole which we have re-excavated from last year did not look deep enough to support the stone which we presume belonged to it. It is difficult to see how any of the other stones could have fitted the hole. This raises the issue of reconstructing the SRT. EH policy is against reconstruction, given that i) an accurate reconstruction may not be achieved, and ii) it would be difficult to effectively stop the stones from falling down again (they would probably become cattle rubbing stones and be pushed over into positions of no relevance to events prior our intervention). Post-excavation they are therefore to be returned to their recumbent, partially buried positions - respecting their final (pre-excavation) fall or dismantlement. CT (and Julie Downton) would like them to be set up again, recreating their 'original' architecture as a dramatic finishing point to a less than dramatic stone row. The issue here is obviously that of exactly whose past we are reconstructing, fossilizing or reconstructing, and which phase of a monument's biography should be given precedence.

The morning was fairly ploddy. Karen helped with levelling in the SRT, and M began planning the now deturfed H23. By late morning, viewing across the the Fowey valley from H23, we saw the Prehistoric Society appearing over the horizon. We were shocked by so many people breaching 'our' landscape - Leskernick being an enclosed world encircled by higher hills. A herd of wild horses galloped towards them and we felt cold and bad-tempered - the wind

had been relentlessly blowing.

CT led the Society up the stone row, describing the features of the landscape and their changing perspectival effects, including the now statutory 'Rough Tor effect'. At the SRT, I continued the site introduction. On the Southern Settlement Wayne and Penni gave an outline of their 'rapid' planning methods for the house interiors. Within one week they have sketch-planned the key elements of most of the 18 houses on the Southern Settlement. During the same time the excavation team have produced two pre-excavation house plans which replicate every visible stone. Wayne and Penni can now recount characteristics of individual houses - their method has speedily generated an intimate familiarity with the settlement as a whole. Which method is more in key with experiencing the potentials and parameters of a Bronze Age world? Which method provides a database of a Bronze Age world for others to effectively engage with?

Several of the Society members ate their lunch in one of the Southern Settlement houses - it accommodated more than twenty people. Bob Bewley was interested in our excavation context sheets and their three 'levels of confidence' within the interpretation section - the Air Photography Unit does something similar, but using five levels of confidence. Tim Champion 'paralleled' the triangular backstones opposite the entrances of the Western Settlement houses by mentioning Guilbert's work on Bronze Age post-built round house interiors where he noted the recurrent presence of a single post opposite each house entrance.

As the Society departed, Tony Blackman and the Royal Cornish Archaeological Society arrived - more wind, some rain and another site tour. Matt and Gary have trowelled down to a gravelly surface/layer in H23. A has

finished planning the surface stones of H39. H still had not appeared. I am increasingly perturbed by her absence.

We went 'home' via the Spar supermarket - no fresh vegetables. Bought a packet of frozen peas instead. On return to the H/T caravan, I resolved to implement the tidy ambience of the excavator's caravan. I washed the floor and chucked out (into a dustbin in the 'dustbin enclosure' opposite the caravan) a vast heap of fag ends malingering on a saucer. I found an ash tray in a cupboard.

Monday June 10th

On getting up, like a vigilante, I emptied the fag ends on the new ash tray into a dustbin in the dustbin enclosure. It was raining and we decided to get the excavation plans and written record into order. Discussed with M the annotation of the plans. He is against interpretative comments being placed on the plans, saying that the site notebooks are the place for them ...but I want to understand his process of interpretation *as I look at* the sequential plans. He finally agreed to put interpretative comments on *photocopies* of the plans (have forwarded the plans to B for photocopying).

The settlement survey team stayed off site today to discuss their work. The excavation team went up to site at lunchtime. Penni arrived on site just after lunch and told us that the B and CT had been tape recording the settlement survey discussions.

H has arrived back, having been stranded (moneyless) in Exeter. She spent Saturday night sitting on a chair in an Exeter police station.

During the afternoon CG and I checked the height difference from the SRT to H23. CT's ascertainment that there was a 40m difference in height between the two had made me nervous. We however achieved the our original result (to within 5cm).

We have our first small find - a stone rubber which was resting near the edge of the lower wall of H23.

I returned to the H/T caravan mid evening to find it in use as a cook house. Anna and Gill, were making a Sri Lankan meal for all of us. They were using CT's recipe book. He has curiously brought this book on the project but has cooked no meals since his arrival, clearly he sees it as an *enabling* book. We actually ate in B's caravan. A was waylaid by Wayne in another settlement survey *versus* excavation debate. Wayne observed that the excavation team "were keeping themselves too separate", and "why didn't they come and see the settlement team's recording methods in action" - I thought back to the the 'grenade' of the last time that we discussed them! I am tired of all this, and wonder if it is a construct, partly because I do not feel part of the supposed dichotomy. CT was on good form cracking 'shrine jokes'. I got to bed well after midnight. CT returned too late for me to notice.

Tuesday June 11th

Woke up to the sound of wind flowing throught the trees, a sound that is not part of treeless Leskernick - stoney skies, grey rolling mist and rain. I found a note on the table from CT asking me to wake him at 7.30am and duely banged on his door.

Although it was raining, the excavation team tried going up to site first via Buttern Hill and then via Westmoor Gate, but we soon gave up. Instead, we went to Camelford and settled in a newly-opened coffee shop. It felt surreal sitting in our wet, muddy cloths at a pink-clothed table and having coffee served in gilded cafeterias. We talked about the progress of the excavations. The fact that we have to keep stopping to plan the houses makes for snail-like progress. We only have 10 days left. We obviously need to extend the excavation trenches outside the walls of both houses - not only to tie them into their surroundings stratigraphically, but also to feed into the settlement survey's work locating houses and enclosures with respect to the 'impressive' '*in situ*' stones of the hill. It is also clear that the excavations need a longer work season - We finally produced a people/time/equipment timetable for each excavation trench to accommodate the reality of our current timescale. CG was ill at ease with half-finished excavation trenches for the houses - so different from an evaluation situation where there can be no *per se* strategy for return or sequential annual work. M seemed sanguine and I was unsure about A. We agreed that CG and M should 'crack the whip' and move the house trenches along more intensively. We also discussed the lack of communication between the settlement survey and excavation people and decide to invite the settlement survey people down to our trenches at the end of each day for an 'excavation encounter' (A's phrase).

At lunchtime I talked to B about the excavation timetable and our need for a few extra people. B said that they still needed all 'their' settlement people. I also proposed our 'excavation encounter'.

Six of us (CG, A, H, M, Gar and myself) returned to site, inspite of the weather, and resolved to achieve four things before leaving i) to recover the

level for re-supergluing, ii) to dig a control pit on the SRT for pollen sampling, iii) to string up the extensions of H23 and H39 trenches into the house exteriors; iv) to place a TBM on the H23 plan. iii) of course creates trenches which we cannot finish this season, but if it is part of our ultimate strategy we have to start with an academically coherent trench format. [I later discovered from the trench diaries that M and CG had been waiting to do this since June 3rd].

We met a windswept, rain sodden, Jan at Westmoor Gate. He was returning from Leskernick, having orientated himself up there in the mist, using a compass bearing. (The lady at Trewint farm had given him this compass bearing, suggesting that the moor is often misty). The walk up to site was magnificently atmospheric. We blindly stumbled through rolling mist and slashing rain. There is a sense of theatre in these atmospheric conditions. Similarly driving along the airfield to Buttern Hill this morning - the massives of Brown Willy and Rough Tor were invisible, and *if* the sky had suddenly cleared and Rough Tor had appeared it would have been amazing.

It took us about two hours to complete our 'bottom line' tasks. H was caked in mud after digging the control pit. Driving back we met Sophie, and H transferred to her car. H later came over to the H/T caravan for a shower and left her wet clothing for drying. I subsequently found a watch, a sock, a shampoo sachet and scatters of muddy grass in the bathroom - H's mind was clearly on less mundane things.

Later in the evening CT and Christel arrived at the caravan with Cornish pasties, clotted cream, jam, scones, and a book of stoney landscapes and images by Andy Goldsworthy which they at bought at St Ives. B joined us. B and CT mentioned how yesterday a discussion had developed about the

variable emotions which the SRT and some of the houses prompt. Pippa apparently feels that she is 'crossing' the SRT in excavating it. Before I arrived on site this year I felt a little like that - because it seemed from last year's excavation that it had been closed down as a deliberate act, yet why should I respect one act over another? It is really the cattle which we are 'crossing' on the SRT. They have now snapped the line wire, and completely contorted the chicken wire, of the fencing (we need an electric wire!). They have also systematically dismantled the flags marking the stone row (first chewing a chunk out of a flag, and then pulling up its stake by a combination of mouth and horn work).

We also discussed the visual juxtaposition of the past with present day images and constructs. CT has the idea of placing modern furniture in the houses and photographing them. What strikes me as interesting is the visual pun of placing inside furniture in what was once an interior, but which now exists as an 'outside' feature in a landscape. I particularly like this inside-outside theme. We are excavating house interiors where we have already positioned ourselves looking outwards (last year's door views), and now we are surveying 'outsides' (enclosures, stones etc.) alongside the excavation of interiors.

I would like our graphics to provide a diverse imagery of the various scales of our study - working out from house interior's (dwelling/being) to aerial photo's of the site from a distance (departure/observation).

Before going to bed I checked the plans which I had deposited with B and CT for photocopying. Half of the photocopies have been reproduced back-to-front!

Wednesday June 12th

I woke up to a fag end free caravan and, on the table, a glass filled with pretty wild flowers. Walking to site, I particularly noted the flowers on the moor and how the yellow ones (tormentil) are giving way to white flowers (heath bedstraw) - sequential colours mark the 'our' time on the moor. On arrival the fencing was again mangled, with clumps of black hair wrapped around the distressed chicken wire. We searched for the most likely culprit - suspiciously, up in the Southern Settlement there was a black, horned cow looking our way.

CT and B arrived on site with four white plastic chairs and a table - garden furniture from Marylyn's tent. I would have preferred real 'inside' furniture. The garden furniture did however create a patio effect when placed in the Western Settlement. It reminded me how outside surfaces and open air places are as much part of constructed space as interiors.

The trenches of H23 and H39 were extended beyond the house walls. Gary deturfed the H39 extension and Jo, CG and myself cleaned it up. The tumble both inside and outside the wall is now clearly visible, as are the large grounders on which parts of the wall have been built. The backstone can now be seen to be a huge, grounded, triangular pyramid which the walling has been built around. Outside, at the back of the wall, there is a huge whale-shaped grounder, previously concealed by the turf. The house now seems very large. The deturfed parts of the wall have a cellular construction with large stones creating individual cells, with rubble infill inbetween.

H23 has similarly come alive. Gill has located a cobbled area outside, at the

back of the house (behind the triangular backstone). Perhaps the outside of this 'house' had more designated space than its disturbingly small interior. What we consider to be the possible entrance (opposite the triangular backstone) is marked by a 'flat-grounder' and, outside, this is flanked by two very large 'flat-grounders'. The latter visually focus this 'entrance' and provide a smooth, level entrance 'setting' in the chaotic clutter of the hillside. During the day M was photographed outside H23, sitting on one of the white plastic chairs.

I have asked Gillie to draw sequential pictures of the 'Rough Tor effect' as one moves along the stone row in the direction of the terminal setting. I have also asked her to draw the views from the entrances of H23 and H39. In the final publication I would like to place 'her' images alongside the plans of the stone row and the houses, thus juxtapositioning a removed, 'looking down' perspective alongside an engaged eye-level perspective.

H now has a good N/S section across the SRT trench. The cut for the stonehole of the largest terminal stone appears very angular and very near the edge the stone on the North side. There is now quite a large stone uncovered to the South of this terminal stone. Possibly it was part of its original packing on the east side of the stone, and was remove at some time to allow the stone to be pushed over.

While in the bar this evening we negotiated the acquisition of four bar chairs to take up to site the following day - to be placed inside the houses. We took these back to the H/T caravan for storage, and Gary and M stayed for a while. We discussed Andy's Goldsworthy's work, with M remaining resistant to any idea of brilliance in this work. We finished my bottles of whisky, and somehow it was decided that I would serve warm croissant (M's) for

breakfast in the excavation caravan the following morning. Finally went to bed at 2pm.

Thursday June 13th

I heated up breakfast croissant in the excavation caravan, with M lying 'in bed' on the sofa looking stunningly confused. CT came over and joined us. It was really the excavator's 'day off' - M took it, but CG and A decided to work until lunchtime due to the fact that they are both leaving soon (CG not permanently).

We left A working on the SRT section while CG and I finished taking off the remaining loose turf in the stoney areas of the H39 trench. We are now finding old bracken roots below the turfline. Penni has also noted this for H23. She told me that one of the Prehistoric Society members had asked "where has all the bracken gone from the hill". Leskernick must have had a different vegetation a few decades ago. This fits in with Keith Goodyear's information about bracken from the moor being used as slate packing. Wayne came over at some point to sketch-plan the interior of H39. It was interesting to note just how many stones had 'changed shape', or indeed had appeared only once the turf had been removed. Immediately under the turf outside both H23 and H39 there are conspicuously large, grounded 'flat' stones ...

Dave Hooley arrived at H39 as I was trowelling. We discussed the stone tumble outside and inside the walls. He noted that there seemed to be too much tumble (particularly inside the house) for the wall width and height - perhaps the house had an internal structure, or has rubble been dumped

inside the house? Gill and Penni came up to site today to continue working on H23. The cobbles now appear to extend down the side of the 'hut'.

Wynne (Devon Radio) arrived about lunchtime and taped an interview with me. Just as we were preparing to leave, Gill appeared with a quartz crystal from H23 for bagging as a small find. It was pretty, being particularly clear and well-formed. I wondered whether it had naturally occurred, eroding out of the granite, or whether it might have been deliberately collected. It was found behind the triangular stone on the cobbled area and evoked significance.

We (myself, A and CG) spend the afternoon at Rough Tor, with Wynne giving us a lift there in his jeep. We discovered M on Rough Tor. Unlike Leskernick, Rough Tor is covered in bracken. Its scree is different to that of Leskernick. Rough Tor has more massive, squared and tabular scree and fewer pyramidal and triangular stones. In contrast to Leskernick, the houses (approaching Rough Tor from the north) are not built amongst the stones but are downslope and separate - Rough Tor feels too 'special' to dwell within the stones. The houses are large, like H39, with clear door jabs but lacking conspicuous backstones. There is a quadrant-like shadow in one of the houses and a linear trench-like dip in another (A's observation) - have these houses been excavated? The most fantastical images are the Little Rough Tor and Logan Rock stacks (reminiscent of Goldsworth's stack sculptures, which *for me* came first) - there is evidence of a rubble enclosure around these stacks. The view from the stacks is stunning - you can see *out of* Rough Tor on all sides (contrasting with the finite world of Leskernick), yet it is difficult to see into it. I like this duality of knowledge and hiddenness.

We returned to Camelford, collecting a Chinese take-away for everyone

except me - the excavation team were too hungry to wait for Anna's campsite barbecue. When I joined the barbecue I found B, CT and the others exhausted from striding across Craddock Moor for 5 hours with Dave Hooley, who had been mine of information.

Friday June 14th

CG has left for six days.

We had a curious shortage of shovels today. Gary and Ceira began mattocking down the topsoil on H39. Jo and I took pollen samples from the control pit on the SRT. At lunchtime CT and B came to see me about Gill's crystal from H23. M has refused to accept it as a small find - I could have predicted this since it is not a foreign stone and it is not a humanly produced artefact. For M, it is technically no different to a mica fleck or a bracken root. During the morning Ceira had recovered a similar, but less attractive quartz crystal from the topsoil of H39, and Gary had pointed out a granite block in the H39 tumble which incorporated several such crystals.

After lunch I went over to H23. Penni and M were the only people working there. I mentioned the quartz crystal to M. He determinedly refused to small find it, but in due course a compromise was negotiated, namely that it is a narrative find ('NF') which would be plotted on the plan as such, i.e. something that has contributed to our trench discussion and consideration of the structure's interpretation. A white garden tag was duly marked up as 'NF' and nailed into the ground at the 'findspot'. M is satisfied because 'NF', in his opinion, stands for non-find. The spoil heap of H23 looks like the outline of Brown Willy. Gary and M have begun their own sculpture project,

and I carefully piled up further spoil to consolidate the effect.

CT took me around H20 with the enormous backstone. The view out of the entrance references the cairn on Brown Willy, not Rough Tor ...as we thought last year. The small stones of the wall rubble are built up to 'enshrine' the backstone (like H39 - a scaled-down version of framing Tor stacks?) and the cellular structure of the wall is now discernable with our 'knowledge' gained from H39. If Dave Hooley's idea of the Southern Settlement being earlier than the Western settlement is correct, H20 seems like a 'blue print' for the huts with whale-stone backstones on the Southern Settlement. I walked around the enclosures with B. They have noted large, flat stones encircled by upstanding stones. This ties-in with the house excavations, where large, 'flat-grounders' also seem to be important, with the excavated houses being located in areas where there are concentrations of these stones.

Going 'home' across the moor, walking with M's plans still affixed to their boards, I noticed the absence of dates on them. I asked him to date them because this is part of the sequence of changing and accumulating documentation which I want to plot.

Karen has arrived with Charles. Marylyn's partner and daughter Kate have also arrived. Everyone ate at the Mason's Arms. A, M and myself got there after they have finished serving food and we went across to the 'Half Crown' instead.

Saturday June 15th

A's last day with us.

On arrival at site, I checked the tool situation. One turf cutter, two shovels, the sledge hammer and the lump hammer are missing - they have been stolen. We noticed fresh wheel-tracks leading up to the equipment 'barrow'.

We partially sculptured H's spoil heap into a Rough Tor shaped profile, and in doing so minimised its growing spread (by the cattle) across the turf. H's section across the NS axis of the western part of the SRT trench now reveals redeposition (orange-coloured natural) in the southern mound suggesting that a pit (robber?) was dug around the large terminal stone down to the natural, and that the mound is upcast from this digging. This dump/mound seals a turfline, also now apparent in the section.

Steve Shennon arrived at lunchtime, and we said goodbye to Penni at lunchtime. I felt really sad to say goodbye. She is a good excavator and I have enjoyed her company. After lunch I talked to B and CT. They had been checking some of the settlement sketch-plans and have noted discrepancies...all very time consuming and casting some doubt the completed sheets. B said that we really needed 'professional' trained sketch-planners which reminds me of my original plea for competent people on the excavation. The requirements of our separated methodologies are beginning to replicate each other.

A linear paving which looks like flagstones covering over a sump (like that found at Stannon Down) has now been uncovered in H39. Ironpan is now apparent in H23. It runs through the wall rubble, indicating that it is later than the rubble. The floor must therefore be below the ironpan. B wonders why the terrace step/edge at the back of the house is so sharp. M

commented that it may have been cut as a more gradual break and subsequently eroded into its now sharp edged profile. Walking back from H23, I heard Kate singing while perched on a large stone in the Southern Settlement. For a while Leskernick became 'peopled' by the timeless sound of child's song.

H has now put a section along the longest axis of the largest stone to investigate the dark area east of its stonehole which suggests the presence of a robber/dismantelment pit. This has revealed a circuit of granite chips under and around the stone - ramp material for leverage with a view to prising out the stone; original stonehole packing material; or chippings from dressing/shaping the stone (M's view)?.

The walk back to the cars was filled with soft sun. We found Sophie's car stranded after having been driven through the Bowithick ford. We finally bump-started it.

Had an evening meal with Steve Shennon in the Half Crown. Much of the talk centred around shrines and furnishing the houses. Steve had a somewhat dazed/amazed look on his face and at one point commented that Leskernick had certainly taken a hold of our imagination.

Sunday June 16th

Perfect, golden morning - soft breeze, warm sun. Talked to Steve before his departure. He seemed very supportive of a 'Virtual Reality' Bodmin - was he being ironical?

On site we studied H39 prior to Sophie taking over A's planning. M noted burning around the entrance (greeny-black fire-cracked granite) and we found more in the rubble at the back of the house. This burnt material is underlying the turfline and therefore cannot be particularly recent. Maybe this is how the house was closed down, maybe the house was built from rubble taken from elsewhere.

Tony Blackman came up to site with the Cornish Young Archaeologists and Henry made a marvellous job of explaining it all to them. Tony subsequently talked to me of the "privilege of being allowed to dig [and] the duty which we have 'to get it right'". He clearly feels that as excavators we are 'disturbing' a landscape which he has a great personal attachment to, and which we have no *a priori* rights over. Also during the afternoon Julie Dowton, Dan, lovely dog, and husband arrived. I showed them around the excavation trenches. Julie particularly like the cobbling in H23. We discussed how to leave the trench areas at the end of the season. She interestingly commented that the stones which we had removed from H23 and piled outside might be stolen.

CT later arrived at H23 and 'informed' M that it was infact the remains of a rivetted cairn. M's [reportedly] wide-eyed expression implied that a cairn was just too much of an upside-down concept. If however H23 is a house, the tallest upstanding stone in the wall (the triangular backstone) imposes a wall height that seems great for the structure's diameter. When we first chose H23 for excavation, we had wondered whether it was simply a stone circle with a triangular backstone.

M and I walked to to Brown Willy and Rought Tor this evening - and then

back to Camelford and Juliot's Well. We off-loaded various pieces of site equipment to be taken back for us. We were donated 'dig food' - dates (H), biscuits (Marion), to add to M's tin of peaches (in light syrup, plus a can opener) and my almond slices.

We aimed straight for Brown Willy gradually focusing on a cave (which M pointed out) high up on its vertical facade. We climbed up to this - why is a dark hole in the rock face so magnetic? We then clambered up to one of the two conical rubble-cairns which cap Brown Willy and seemingly reiterate the conical outcrops of Brown Willy itself. The cairn was topped by (recently placed) small stones, one precariously balanced on top of the next - a miniature version of the rock stacks of nearby Rough Tor. From Brown Willy, Leskernick Hill has the appearance of an enormous, stranded whale-stone. We could just see the H23 spoil heap as a black mass against the grey stoniness of the hill - an 'inside the looking glass' imagery of seeing a spoil heap modelled in the shape of Brown Willy, while looking out from Brown Willy.

We continued to Rough Tor via a cluster of abandoned farm buildings. M showed me the room of one building which had a large backstone, enveloped either side, and round its back, by small stone rubble (reminiscent of how the backstone on H39 is enveloped). The roof was corbelled and rested on the backstone. The backstone was hidden from the outside. We also looked at the soil profile under a grounded stone, where the soil profile/turfline under the stone appeared to have washed in/grown under the stone horizontally, thus being later than the stone, and having implications for our interpretation of the soil profiles under the larger stones of the H23 wall.

On reaching Rough Tor we perversely ate our peaches on Showery Tor "because most people generally ignore it, it being less dramatic than Logan Rock or Little Rough Tor" (M). The rucksack seemed considerably lighter having emptied the can. It was a still evening as we walked along the hump-backed road to Camelford, arriving back at Juliot's Well three and a half hours after our journey had begun. Jane had arrived and was in B's caravan talking with Wayne. The Bodmin Survey Volume was opened at a page filled with barrow profiles - the Western Settlement as a whole, it seems is metamorphosing into cairn-field. Spent the rest of the evening in the bar.

Monday June 17th

It was a peaceful, visitor-free, day. Sophie continued planning H39. Jane drew sections and plans on the SRT and we continued to empty the 'robber' hole around the largest recumbent terminal stone. After lunch H and Jane found a new feature on the east side of this stone. It appears to be the third stonehole and is in alignment with the stonehole of the 95 season and with the stonehole of the largest terminal stone. Has our cove-shaped terminal setting of 95 has become a simple alignment with taller stones at its terminal end? We also removed the smallest recumbent terminal stone from the trench today. Jan spent the late afternoon on the SRT. We discussed what he might draw and decided upon the largest terminal stone in its recumbent position with its stonehole now excavated around it. Hopefully he will produce a sensory image of the stone, to place alongside Jane's measured plan of the same.

At the end of the day I went up to H23 to see M. He was absorbed in planning - flexi-time abounds, it was past 6.30pm. We considered the

possibility that the large walling stones, which rest directly on either the ground were originally supported by the rubble. M now wonders whether the cobbling is an earlier platform on which the 'house' was later built. Burnt quartz has been found in the rubble and occasional small pieces of slate.

CT, Henry and Christel walked to Rough Tor this evening. I spent the evening in the bar with the others.

Tuesday 18th

The fence around the SRT is now beyond repair!

H23 was photographed prior to the removal of some of its stones. It is now clear that the triangular backstone has one edge resting on a fallen upright, which itself rests on the cobbles. The backstone is therefore not placed on the original ground surface or the cobbles - more signs that H23 is multi-phased.

Jane has now uncovered stone packing in the 'third' stonehole. None of this packing appears to be *in situ*, but instead has been scattered, with some falling back into the stonehole. Which stone rested in this hole? The only remaining candidate is the smallest of the recumbent terminal stones, which would indicate that it had been moved a greater distance than previously thought. The SRT now seems to have been tampered with in a major way. The single, carefully dismantled stone of last year is at odds with this season's scenario of pushed over and dug out stones.

A section was cut under the long E-W axis of the turfline under the (now removed) square-ended terminal stone in order to take a pollen sample. I drew the section with Ceira measuring. A cut is apparent under the turfline in this section. The 'hollow' which last year we thought had formed around the square ended terminal stone now seems to be a hollow which formed around the stone once recumbent.

H has been digging an enormous pit to the West of the largest terminal stone. We hope to lever the stone back into this hole, so that we can fully excavate under it. I am not sure however, it will be possible to make the stone recumbent again - to satisfy the EH policy.

Returning to H23 at the end of the day, there are now two slabs of fine sandstone [later identified as elvan by Dave Hooley] in its interior. One of these was found under a now removed larger stone. CT wants them to be little 'menhirs' originally standing to one side of the triangular backstone (*alias* 'shrinestone'). M currently interprets them as rubbing stones. Camilla spent the afternoon digging a test pit to the side of the cobbles, inbetween H23 and H22. This was primarily to test how far the H23 exterior cobbling continued. Yesterday, in a rash moment of imagination, I had envisualized the whole of the Western Settlement being interlinked by cobbled areas. There was no cobbling in the test pit, but there was a stoneline near the top of the natural. One gets the impression that this part of the hillside is a mass of smaller scree which the larger stones have rafted down ontop of.

During my evening meal, M came across to the caravan with a much needed 'stone recording sheet' which he has made up for photocopying. It interestingly accounts for 'rod-shaped' stones, 'disc-shaped' stones, 'angular'

stones and so on, but does not have a box for triangular or whale-shaped stones. "What about the triangular backstone in H23?" I asked, "it's an angular rod" he replied.

While in the bar this evening, HB reported that B, CT and some others had spent the early evening on site wrapping standing stones in a black 'shawl' decorated with gold sun-burst discs, [the 'shawl', I later discover to be a Dior silk scarf]. We discussed Wayne's and CT's idea that the Western Settlement has been badly robbed and many of the houses converted into cairns. The houses would have been be easy to rob, given that the 'house' excavations indicate that there are no bedding trenches for the big stones, and I like the ideological possibilities of use-reversals.

I managed to knock boiling water (from the field stove) over my right leg today. It is quite badly burnt and really hurts! Before going to bed I went over to B's caravan where Wayne, Gill, CT, Christel and HB were ensconced. Wayne, it turne out, is a 'First Aider' and he expertly bandaged it. *Another* discussion ensued about the excavation/survey dichotomy. We concluded that some of us do cross the boundaries and are talking between ourselves, but that we have failed to generate any sense of communal discussion.

Wednesday June 19th

Hazy weather, with a slight wind.

I overslept this morning and ate my breakfast during the drive to site. We walked to site from Westmoor Gate - I found it a barren experience

compared to the Buttern Hill/Bray Down route.

We have decided to excavate under the largest terminal stone in its recumbent position, since there are only a limited number of points where it sits firmly on the ground and we can excavate under the majority of it in its present position. Today we emptied the feature that appeared as a cut in the section taken under the squared-ended terminal stone. It appears to have been a post-pit with a single stone packer. H's trench is becoming really exciting, and more complex than we envisaged.

M's trench (H23) now looks very different. The difficulties in isolating a floor level/features have been exasperating. Today M finally put in a trench across the floor to the west side of the baulk to try and sort out some of the stratigraphic obscurities. When I went across to H23 at the end of the day the trench was in place - a tense atmosphere pervaded. I said "it's a taxing site" - he said "it's more like a pig's ear". Dark clouds atmospherically drifted across Brown Willy. We packed up, and walked off site in silence. CT on return to our caravan succinctly said "I'm sick of looking at stones. I'm leaving the site tonight for tomorrow's day off". Exhaustion has clearly set into the project.

CG has arrived back. He came over to the caravan at 9pm saying that M had gone to bed in an uncommunicative mood. Jane later joined us and we talked until late.

Thursday June 20th

M emerged in a black mood this morning. Although it was really our 'day off'

Jane, CG, M, Gill and Gary came on site until lunchtime. H stayed behind to sort out her SRT paperwork. CG and I went up by the pretty route, the others went via Westmoor Gate.

As we inspected H's trench, M lifted one of the planned stones - a smallish triangular one, and 'fitted' it exactly onto the end of the largest terminal stone. It made a perfectly pointed end - we now have two pointed-top terminal stones and one flat-topped stone. M then announced that he was resigning from supervising H23. In my first act of real bossiness on the project, I ordered him back to clean up *his* trench!

Today we finally decided to take down the SRT fence, given that the cattle have mostly done it for us. Like last year, there was a great sense of release we returned the site to the landscape.

For the afternoon we went to the Hurler's and the Cheesewring, Stowe's Pound and beyond. For me the best part was around Kilmar Tor, the Hurlers and the Cheesewring not seeming remote enough, because they are close to the road and a car park. By comparison Leskernick seems so removed, enclosed, and beautiful.

Friday June 21st - Summer solstice

Cool, windy day.

I arrived on site to see B coming over the horizon from Westmoor Gate, pulling a shopping trolley behind her. It was filled with food for our solstice evening. She had also brought good coffee and croissants and we sat

together and had these while she showed me photocopies of Jan's 'trench drawings'. The ones of the giant stone in the SRT worked particularly well. The combination of water-run pastels, and rough textured paper really produced the grain of the stone.

We marked the burnt stones on the H39 plan. H's trench is now being mattocked down to natural. feel that everything is winding down.

Just before lunch B and CT took me around the Western Settlement, showing me houses filled with rubble and houses with cairn-like mounds outside. Undoubtedly, this settlement seems much more depleted/reconfigured than the Southern Settlement. I like the idea of piling rubble inside houses to close them down. I had expected the rubble to be the centre of each house (with the house walls becoming encircling enclosures rather than containers), but several of these rubble mounds were to the side of the interior. There also appears to be more than one shape of 'cairn' - we need to discuss their variability and the extent to which 'hard-edged' categories are possible or relevant. Later in the afternoon, HB took CG and myself to see 'his' cairn on the western extremity of the Western Settlement. It has a well-defined, convincing mound shape. Nearby there were pits from digging large stones out of the hill. There are now so many layers of activity recognisable on the hill, it is difficult to untangle it all.

Jan and friend arrived at lunchtime with reproductions of the terminal stones. I had asked Jan whether he might make these, without any idea of how difficult and potentially time-consuming it would be. As I surveyed these 'replicas' made from cardboard and orange boxes and 'wrapped' in grey-painted fruit gauze, my initial reaction was that they looked like a pastiche of the real monoliths and somewhat comical.

While mattocking on the SRT, Jane discovered another stonehole compete with packing stones to the South of the largest terminal stone. We now have a stone row terminal along the axis of the stone row, with two outliers (a posthole, and a standing stone) on either side. The stoney area under the square-ended terminal stone also appears to be a feature. It has charcoal flecks in it, but the stones themselves are not burnt - it appears to be a small dump rather than an *in situ* hearth.

M's trench is looking good. Leading away from the triangular backstone, we have a curving, sump-like feature covered by flagstones. The section shows a rubble-filled cut under the flagstones.

During the afternoon B and Jan set up the orange box monoliths in the stoneholes of the SRT. Due to the wind, these were somewhat wobbly and required guy ropes to stay them. It seemed incongruous to have everyone treading across H's trench prior to cleaning up and the post-excavation photograph. Her trench is now completed - last year I felt that it was 'our' trench, this year it has truly become H's trench. Alongside these activities I discovered CT and Matt energetically finalising the spoil heap's modelling into a profile of Rough Tor. On completion various photos were taken of the Rough Tor spoil heap backed by Rough Tor on the skyline - soon the spoil heap will be gone.

Early evening - B laid out a picnic for us, complete with tablecloth strewn on the ground, plastic anemones and red plastic knives and forks. CG, Jane and M went back to Camelford - it was windy and cold and they had had a long day. I waited for the Cornish Unit to arrive on site and for the solstice, but

felt incredibly torn by this split of the 'archaeologists' from the others. Pete Herring arrived around 7pm. From Hut 39 the mock-up of the SRT looked amazingly convincing - distance had obscured the guy ropes and the boxey construction. We became increasingly convinced of how dramatic and theatrical the terminal would look if it were set up again, with its 'backdrop' of a stoneless plateau. The results of stone row terminal excavation provide a vindication of Pete's original identification of the stone row. As we went around the house excavations, to my relief, Pete concurred with our 'careful' (and therefore slow) excavation of the houses and talked of how Andrew Fleming had returned over several seasons to the Holne Moor, Dartmoor houses.

As the sun set, I left the site carrying my red toolbox - to meet CG, J and M by the Bowithick. The setting sun was pulsating and swirling as it disappeared behind Leskernick Hill. I managed with my less than perfect sense of direction to walk straight into a bog, rather than the tin miner's cleft in the hill which I was aiming for. The bog was incredibly wobbly and I had images of 'going down' to be recovered millennia hence still grasping the toolbox time-capsule. As I finally reached the giant whale-stone in the fence which forms 'our' stile to get off the moor and into the parking area - CG, Jane and M appeared in the fading light, coming to meet me.

CT appeared soon after my arrival back at Juliot's Well and went straight to bed. I went and drank whisky in Jane's caravan.

Saturday June 22nd

Windy, and quite cold again.

I ate breakfast, with CT sitting opposite eating cold rice pudding straight from a can with its jagged lid prised up.

B and CT decided to come up to site after lunch. En route to site, I stopped at the Co-op to buy a bottle of whisky. We're getting through rather alot of the stuff.

There seemed to be a very small group of us on site - H, Gary, and Jane for the SRT, M and Gill for H23, and CG and myself for H39. While we were filling in context sheets for the latter, Tony Blackman arrived with a local stone wall builder. They discussed whether the roofs of the houses were perhaps asymetrically pitched to take the load onto the largest earthfast stones, thus more effectively preventing the house walls from moving downslope. During the afternoon we backfilled H39 with CG near-welded to a radio tuned to the European Cup. The radio would be placed in the wheelbarrow and wheeled down to the spoil heap. It was removed while the barrow was being filled with spoil, then carefully balanced on top of the spoil and wheeled back to the trench.

In cleaning up the section in H23, M has now found a stakehole. It is under one of the wall stones and is interpreted as being possibly contemporary with the cobbling, and obviously pre-dating the 'house' wall. The complexities of the structure are beginning to raise lots of questions for next season.

Martyn arrived late afternoon and I showed him around the site. We decided to leave taking pollen samples until tomorrow. I had an evening meal with CT and B (in B's caravan), then went over to Jane's caravan and had whisky

with Jane, CG and M.

Sunday June 23rd

Apart from taking pollen samples, today was filled with backfilling and returfing. The returfing worried me. It takes a long time to get the turfs down properly - they really need to be levelled and fitted one at a time. I was particularly concerned me to get it right for the SRT, because this was our final closing down of the site. CG can returf par excellance!

We had lunch and blues music on the quoit. Today, sound didn't travel particularly far at Leskernick, and it was only when I was quite near to the quoit that I actually heard the blues. M managed to dramatically wrench his leg while jumping off the quoit. Dave Hooley joined us for lunch and subsequently made lots of interesting comments about the 'soil' processes evident in M's trench.

I had presumed that the 4-wheel drive would arrive sometime after lunch to pick up the heavy equipment, but it turned out that CT had only been able to leave a message on an answerphone rather than talk to Julie Dowton in person. As the afternoon progressed, it was clear that the vehicle was not coming. CT went off-site to try and sort it out and arrived back about 6.30 pm with bottles of coke and some cake, but no success. To my horror he also informed me that the H/T caravan had been emptied for a new tenant and that all of our property had been dumped into a trailer. B had helpfully retrieved it and left it ("divided on a gender basis") in her caravan, which she has now vacated. The thought of my neat piles of property being mixed up with CT's messy heaps did not enthrall me. We finally carried as much as

we could off site, arriving back Juliot's Well at 9pm. We concocted a meal from Jane's and my surviving food and ate together in B's caravan, with others arriving later to drink with us. I excelled myself by spilling two glasses of red wine on the carpet and used up large quantities of salt in an attempt to rectify the situation.

Monday June 24th

Everyone left site this morning except for CT, myself, Martyn, Garry and girlfriend. The four of us went up to site to bring down the remaining equipment. To my horror as, the cattle had forced up and dispersed several of the newly-laid turfs in the SRT area. I rammed them down again. Carrying down the fence posts, fence wire and flag stakes was hard work. During one journey I managed to carry a large role of fence wire on my head, while balancing fence stakes on one of my shoulders. As we brought the last load down to our vehicles at Westmoor Gate the lady from Trewint Farm appeared at her gate and offered to store everything in her sheep pen until next year.

CT, M and I had lunch in the Rising Sun at Altarnum and returned to Juliot's Well to pack up our personal belongings. Exhaustion initially blocked out any sadness at leaving the site. Later, returning along the motorway, I felt dislocated and that I had lost something special.

SDH BODMIN DIARY 1997

Saturday May 24th 1997

Arrive at Juliots Well and 12.00 noon in a decrepid white van, with pealing trim and 'Eastbourne Van Hire' enblazoned in acryllic blue down each side. During the journey down MST, as driver, had uttered more expleatives about the dire manoeverability of the van and the 'unexceptable behaviour' of other drivers than I reckoned could be extracted from me in a life time. In response to my wide-eyed' accusing looks through this barrage of expletatives the retort was "all archaeologists swear" - my 'street cred' was fading fast.

Then off to Westmoorggate, via Camelford and a failed search for 'real' sunglasses in the chemist for MST - "ones that are dark enough for noone to see your eyes". After several attempts to contact the Doughtons about a four-wheel drive (which CT had agreed to organise!) for getting the equipment onto the Moor, I gave up ringing and the unanswered phone and we went to see the Charmans at Westmoorgate. They were great responding immediately and phoning up a friend who offered the use his 4-wheel drive for the following day.

MST and I filled our rucksacks with enough equipment to lay grids over Cairn 5, and H39, together with some red wine and cheese, and began walking. The Westmoorgate route onto site seemed so devoid of mystery compared to my fantastical memeories of the Bowithick route, ...until a glimpse of Rough Tor's crenallations appeared on the skyline. Today the outline was as crisp and sharp as I can ever remember. Part of the 'thrill' of seeing it was the advance knowledge that I would see it, and knowing that it is massive outcrop - although we only see its floating tip... it is like knowing an iceberg.

As we settled on the hill Jeremy appeared. He produced a bizzare fishing rod pole with a camera dangling off the end of it, and

took overlalapping 'birds eye' photographs of the cairn with the camera hesitantly wobbling from point to point. Jeremy has the reassuring air of someone who is totally self-sufficient outside. He works with the concentration of suspended time.

Where are Barbara and Chris? - its getting late and cold and MST and I had finished our 'tasks'. Then CT came towards us 'out of the stones' and retorting that it was typical of B that she had not arrived. Of course, as we began to walk back across the Moor, B appeared on the skyline flanked by Tony and Mike W, the group being identified as such by the profile of Bs billowing baggy tousers. B and CT seem to have mutually 'misunderstood' their agreed meet point ... all so typical of the minor 'blips' that they have with each other. I wondered what Tony and Mike W felt about their decision to return to Westmoorgate having already trudged halfway to the site.

The centre point of the evening was B's providsion of a meal in the 'diggers' caravan (with Chris Greatorex, Chris Derham, Justin Russell, and Helen now arrived...and eventually Lesley O'Rouke and Stuart Randall who have just completed their first year at the Institute). It was an eerily calm meal. Mike W concentrated on the archaeologists, particularly CG and CD, (purposefully?) avoiding CT and B, while Tony mostly seemed to talk to B. At one point CT and MST were talking about MST's mesolithic project. CT had a dazed uncomprehending look of polite interest.

The 'professional digging team' are resolutely stubborn about NOT being weaned off a group caravan diary into personal diaries. They do have alot of paperwork to do (more and more each evening as the project progresses), and there are the trench diaries as well. In this context a personal diary becomes *another* piece of paperwork. Then there is the issue that some people just feel uncomfortable about the medium of a personal diary. It can expose self and it maps immediate responses and views that are often soon forgotton and would not be incorporated into a permanent future under other circumstances. Helen commented that diaries

produce "self-indulgent text". I wonder what she will produce not event a caravan diary, I suspect, yet perhaps much of her verbal articulation of the project will be noted in the diaries of Tony and Mike W, that she shares a caravan with. Yes diaries are part of the project (everyone knows that), but people can only do these things on their own terms.

On return to 'our' caravan B and CT ask me why on earth I had "put" Helen in the 'sociologists' caravan and 'created' a "macho digging caravan filled with 4 males". I have followed, NOT constructed a situation. Four to a caravan is cramped, the CG, MST, JR and CD all know each other and want to be together. Why should I 'manipulate' them into a sociological experiment (aren't Tony and MW meant to be studying a situation rather than a special construct) - people have to have some element of 'time off' in a five week project with long working days. Helen seems to me to be the able to work within her own space irrespective of where she is situated, I actually think that she will get on well with Tony and MW.

Go to bed at 1.45 am Hear CT crashing around the caravan at various points through the night... It all seems so familiar, a world within a world has recommenced.

Sunday May 25th

Chris and Barbara are leaving today. They come up onto site until just after lunch.

The 4-wheel drive is already at Westmoor gate when we arrive, and we load the equipment up. B, CT and myself give the 'site tour'. The weather is marvellous and relatively still.

It is decided that H28, liminal between the western and southern settlement is the tea/coffee/lunch location. At lunch time the

'male' caravan group fullfill the worst Bender/Tilley senario ...sitting together along the upper segment of H28. Are all the lunch breaks going to be in caravan groups, not trench groups or any other form of grouping?

Justin plans Cairn 5 and Helen deturfs the parts he has already planned. It is such a perfect, discrete, secure cairn. I feel sentimental about destroying it, partly beacause it feels culturally unambiguous (postscript: How wrong could i be).

MW works in MST's trench..., perhaps they will begin to work each other out. The fact that MW knows how to dig *may* help. Tony free-floats ..apparently more his sort of thing.

A proportion of the afternoon is spent looking for cache holes for the equipment. The clutter acquires a new perspective as I look for dark hidden places, rather than striking stoney configurations. The slant of the stones becomes important..do they obscure views from upslope, downslope, or both? We seem so far to have spent all our time on Leskernick thinking about views rather than what is hidden and can be hidden.

We leave the site early at 5 pm to pick up Ceri from Bodmin Parkway. En route MST talks about our first day of sociological surveillance. MST tells me that he has questioned MW "obtusely" (I wonder!) on his past archaeological experience. I am beginning to wonder who is analysing who. Should I interfere, but presumably real sociological situations are like this?

Get back to the caravan (having not found Ceri) to be presented with a questionnaire from MW - I have spent my whole life avoiding questionnaires!

In the bar this evening the topic is 'breaks'. If H28 is the lunch/tea/cofee location we have to coordinate trench 'breaks'. The spirit of fast-track digging for two weeks has truely been taken on board. CG and MST and suggest 15 minute tea breaks and

30 minutes for lunch. I relay 'proposed' times between dispersed bar groups like Chinese whispers and 45 minutes for lunch emerges.

Monday May 26th

A wonderful perfect day.

Leave for site at 8.15 am, having managed to 'imprint' my presence on the caravan. I stupidly placed my piping hot espresso coffee pot on the caravan carpet, thinking that the heat would melt the plastic wood-grain effect caravan table. Horrors; the carpet is total nylon. ..hear and smell a singeing effect and lift the pot, which duely peels off a chunk of shaggy carpet to reveal a perfect, coffee-pot shaped hexagonal indentation on the carpet.

The walk from Bowithick is warm and moist filled with diverse views and stones. MST reminds me that we have decided to approach the site from different ways and that there should be no Bowithick tomorrow.

The trenches are so far apart this year. I seem to spend alot of time walking beween trenches. H28 adds yet another journey. The idea of us all meeting together seems important, but after an hour or two of heavy labour, noone wants to go on the prerequisite hike for a drink... maybe just for lunches? Each trench is a world of its own with unique certitudes, confusions, perspectives and regimes. Justin continues to plan Cairn 5; CG, CD and Lesley are in H39. Deturfing continues in H23 with Stuart, and MW managing to very adeptly deturf the baulk. I work on each trench for a while. While deturfing the entrance area of H39 what looks like a piece of pottery is found, producing [subsequently ill-placed] jubilation om my part.

Lunch in H28. Lesley and Stuart are organizing the water boiling well. MST bets that when the pot is washed it will become 'foreign stone'. Tony overtly writes down notes through our

various conversations. I gave Justin a site tour today. I liked doing this on my own. When B, CT and I do it as a group we each have our 'parts' with the excavation becoming, by default 'my' bit. Today I can enjoyed talking about the site and the project as a whole. Justin asks lots of 'good' questions. I sometimes wonder, when the three of us take people around the site if our combined effect becomes more of single-version sermon.

Cairn 5 is looking really interesting. Deturfed, it looks quite flat-topped (a platform cairn, Helen suggests). It is calm, reflective and quiet working with Helen.

I walk back with T and MW. They ask why CT's and B's diaries have not been circulated. I realise that the three of us have never discussed or agreed this as a policy. I wrote my diary last year to be circulated, thinking that I would have to do this if in turn I wanted the diggers to give me their diaries. Of course the end result is that my diary has kid gloves: I do not want to upset anyone, nor do I want to reinforce some situations from year to year by giving them concrete form.

I am in 'my' caravan. MST has gone to collect Gary from the station abducting with my 'girl about town' caravan shoes in the van. I shower and paddle around the caravan in bare feet and a T-shirt getting a meal together for myself. Ceri knocks at the caravan door, she has arrived at last. Another knock at the door, MST has arrived back with Gary. MST has my shoes, plonks himself down, and briefly shares my wine and olives. MST talks about the lack of tension on site; - "it's like the Caburn". I am grateful for the statement.

Went over to see MW and Tony with my filled-in questionnaire then onto the bar. The aim was to sort out how many people were needed in each trench for the following day. I asked CT, Helen, and MST to sort it out between them but a medium eichter-scale explosion developed between CG and MST (apparently MST needed only experienced diggers in his trench). So much for the ambience of

2 hours ago!

Tuesday May 27th

A was calm day despite last nights mini earthquake. Gary and I approached Leskernick today from Bowithick, but by going straight over, rather than around Leskernick Hill. We see Leskernick as a world of circles within circles, but approaching the site this way the hill physically is an oval ridge. This way Brown Willy and Rough Tor run parallel, and I remembered how Leskernick Hill looked like a stranded whale when we looked towards it from Brown Willy last year.

All the trenches are being cleaned up today for further planning. Justin was mostly on H39 today - they are still emptying last year's backfill in H23. Lesley has proved to be particularly good at brushing stones! Ceri, newly arrived inadvertently got sent over to MST's trench, and was retrieved for 'the site tour'. I have now learnt to cross the site circumferencing the top of the hill, which means that Cairn 5 gets the most 'attention', being taken in in both directions. On the map it appears to be in a liminal position, but traversing the settlements, it is an easy point to get to. I like approaching H23 from the 'tea hut' (H28), walking uphill to it from this position the enclosing walls of the Western settlement seem particularly monumental, especially either side of the 'droveway' entrance break.

We all discussed MW's questionnaire over lunch in H28. He seemed genuinely open-minded and straight-forwardly interested in the practice of archaeology and sociology.

Gary and I returned in the evening, back over the top of Leskernick Hill, with MST subversively joking about sacrificial stones on top of the hill and door entrances pointing deliberately away from places to obscure views rather than to access views.

Helen came over to my caravan this evening. We drank tea and

talked about 'archaeology as craft': the role of skills and crafts in the practice of archaeology; the passing on of knowledge; and the use of knowledge to enable....rather than create a hierarchy.

Wednesday

Already I am losing count of the days. This morning it doesn't seem like any day, just a day with defined tasks. I love this timeless world, being within no family structure, without a personal structure, being in a landscape, concentrating on place - an undoubtedly physically challenging place and today, I imagine a beautiful place.

As I walk onto site, this time within and along the tin cut crevices, - great scars and runnels in the hillsides, I sense what a horrific place it must have been to the miners who once toiled there.

I have misjudged today's weather, - all sunshine at Camelford, but there is a NE wind on Leskernick. Cairn 5 is fine, Justin shouldn't be too miserable - planning here. The wind is worse at H39. H39 is potentially daunting, so many huge stones to move. Trowelling is dire, wind and dust constantly blowing in everyone's eyes. CD is well-settled into H39 and talks about life, landscape, and archaeology. CG is moving it all along gratifyingly speedily. They stay at H39 for tea; H28 is just too far away for a short break. It puts the scale of the settlement in perspective, that such a distance seems too great after two hours of hard graft.

It's taken a day for Justin to plan one quadrant of Cairn 5. He's getting his 'eye in' for the stones and becoming encouragingly fast at this sort of planning. MW and Stuart worked in H23. The 'feature in MST's 'slot' (from last year) across the trench is now much clearer,..no longer a paving over a sump but a paving under which PART of which there is a feature. Stuart has been quiet today, may he just likes to have personal space.

Today we fooled around at lunchtime. Its important for our sanity not to be constantly esoteric or making discourse about the site/archaeology. We sit in a circle around H28, ten of us and there is lots of space. The 'house' seems relatively empty. noone seems to look out of the house door EXCEPT when they are leaving.

This evening MW came over for a chat, followed by Lesley. MW mainly (he said) wanted an address from me. I rather liked talking to him, for the first time in 'my' cravan. Even in a 'visited' world one's own inadvertantly constructed space is important. Lesley declared the tea/coffee breaks were not working, too much walking to and fro (especially for her and Stuart) to check boiling or not boiling) water etc.

Tomorrow MW has invited everyone to 'his' caravan to discuss the questionnaires. I'm in London tomorrow, so noone will be inhibited by my presence.

Thursday

Went to Bodmin Park Way via the builders merchants to buy a step ladder for site photographs, and Bodmin safeways (MST's purchase for the 'diggers' caravan). Always when 'diffing' shopping takes on a special significance, - cntact with an 'outside' world. We arew responded to slightly as aliens, we already beginning to looke weather-beaten an of another world.

Journey: beatifukl coatline, white waves breaking against stacks. london: noize fumes, work, pizza in trendy chrome Charlotte stree restaurand.

'Hone': green, luxuariant Sussex, cat.....

Friday

Dive around work doing 'everything': emptying email boxes, photocopying, attending the examboard, making phone calls. Return early evening. For the moment, its like going home. Arrive at Bodmin Parkway at 9.30 pm and ask lots of questions. Am told that

T and MW seem slightly 'nervous'. MW says that he was upset by the meeting of last night but "has got over it now". I fail to clearly extract what the problem is/was emerges. CG tells me that there was a "vigorous" discussion about "sample size" and "the wider meaning" of doing a questionnaire survey of "such a small number of people who are participating in an atypical excavation, and are to some extent 'hand picked'". All this is of course true, but we are interested in the way WE as a community are working on the particular past generated by Leskernick. Does MW want to generalise, and are WE trying to generalize?

Saturday

Day off! We all get up quite late. Clothes washing is the major concern. CD and CG are glued to the cricket on the radion. In the afternoon, a group of us go for a walk up Rough Tor and return via Camelford, buying teatime treats of clotted cream, scones and diabetic (a mistake) strawberry jam for caravn consumption. Talk to Helen, MW and Gary in the evening. Helen and Gary say that they are not clear what is 'wanted' from the diaries and the extent to which they will have any meaning beyond 'our' project: changing, and varying attitudes, variable concerns and levels of engagement from all of us as particpaters in manufacturing the past at Leskernick is perhaps enough! We also discuss whether we will be able to produce effective art. Are we appropriating the developed, throughout language of others?. MW talks of the photos he has taken on site, how in digging we focus differently, looking down, - the opposite to the projects obcession with view and vistas, and perhaps morte specifically adaptable to the concentrated frame/experience of a camera lens. I get excited about the specific use of photography to explore the digging experience.

Subsequently chat to Helen in my caravan about her dissertation. She is so far behind... its all there: 'theory'; competence; but no data collected.